The Kaiser's Garland

Cartoons

Edmund J. Sullivan.

THE
KAISER'S GARLAND

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THE CRUCIFIXION OF BELGIUM

THE KAISER'S GARLAND

BY EDMUND J. SULLIVAN

LONDON
WILLIAM HEINEMANN

London: William Heinemann, 1915

ON occasions of ceremony in the early 'seventies, which I dimly remember, port and sherry were produced, with cake—and glistening on the tray two patterns of glass, one cut, the other engraved. The chignon was in fashion, and the crinoline still lingered. The elders found "one piece of your excellent cake a sufficiency, thank you," but would take a second glass of Amontillado ; giving perhaps half-a-glass or a sip from their own to the child, who, if quiet and well behaved, was allowed a second slice of cake. Then the turn of a graceful wrist might be displayed and the rings made to twinkle as the fair hand turned over the family album of photographs.

I am reminded of these matters of a far-away peace by a set of photographs now lying on my easel ; and of a poster of old days, "The Boy—what will he become?" This little "mother's darling" is labelled on the back "Emperor William II as a baby" ; then other child studies, one at his grandmother's knee. Another "William II and the Empress with the Crown Prince as a child." In this the prince appears in a short frock, strapped shoes, socks, and laced drawers showing beneath his petticoats, and looks like a wilful little girl. As time goes on the Emperor's moustache from a silky curliness develops an upward stiffness until it arrives at the superlative spikiness to which we are now accustomed. The lips change their surly childish pout for the self-conscious affectation of close-lipped determination ; and the eyes, from a somewhat sleepy indifference, face the camera like an actor's with a challenging yet unseeing stare of domination. The left arm is kept more carefully out of sight, and the moustache tips go nearer to the depressed eyebrows. The photographs become stippled, more doctored and flattering ; and we come closer to the Germanic idea of Kingship. We get an elderly puller of faces—an Ajax of the theatre, defying the stage lightning, a Barnum of Empire.

The photographs of the King of Belgium are different ; and there had been so few of them that, when he broke upon the world as a hero, the world at large was unfamiliar with either his name or his face. At full stretch as the Kaiser always is, I doubt if he could reach beyond the slightly bowed shoulders of the Belgian king. There could be no greater contrast—the self-assertion of the egoist against the quiet confidence that in a noisy world might appear almost diffident.

In the papers this week appear photographs even more reminiscent of the family album—an ordinary English lady of middle age, clean faced, straight

eyed, unaffected—"nice looking" in fact. And because of her present prominence in the world's eye, the family album must have been brought out for the persevering press man. We see her as a little girl, with her mother and sister, as I remember my own mother and sister in those days of cake and wine. Here she is with little puffed shoulder sleeves, bare neck and arms, having to keep still in the Victorian "lady's" chair while the photographer, exposing his collodion plate, counted out interminable seconds.

This is the kindly lady just dead, gentlemen: Miss Edith Cavell—an "old maid" as they would have called her in those days. But she leaves a large family—not of the flesh, but of the spirit.

There are in Europe three crowns that shine at the present time with a differing and peculiar lustre—the crown of Prussia, the crown of Belgium, and the crown of Martyrdom. As for the last, if ever there have been Christian martyrs, Miss Cavell belongs to that noble army; and if there is a Catholic Church, she is numbered among its saints.

There was a time when we were amused by the Kaiser's restless antics—his disappearance in one uniform and his lightning reappearance in another—and took every opportunity to view the spectacle. On one occasion I myself threw a bunch of roses into his carriage as he passed, driving in state to the Guildhall. The roses glanced down from the parasol of the Empress, caught his helmet, and grazed his cheek; and it is this little episode that suggested to me the title of my present bunch of drawings. If this garland that I have prepared should on his last ride between the crowds, drop into the Imperial tumbril and graze his cheek, I shall not be sorry.

St. Crispin's Day, 1915.

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THE KING OF CLUBS
The Kaiser's Fortune

"POUR LES BEAUX YEUX DU KAISER"

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EDMUND J. SULLIVAN

DANCING PARTNERS

THE HYMN OF HATE

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THE UNGARTERED BLACKLEG
(Honi soit . . .)

ANCIENNE MAISON
veritable
liqueur
circé
Vve
Circé et fils
REIMS
POMMES
EYP

THE WINE OF CIRCE AND THE PRUSSIAN COMUS

EDWARD J. SULLIVAN 1915

"KULTUR"—TOAD EATER TO KAISER COMUS

THE BLESSED SACRAMENT OF "KULTUR"
Sacrilege

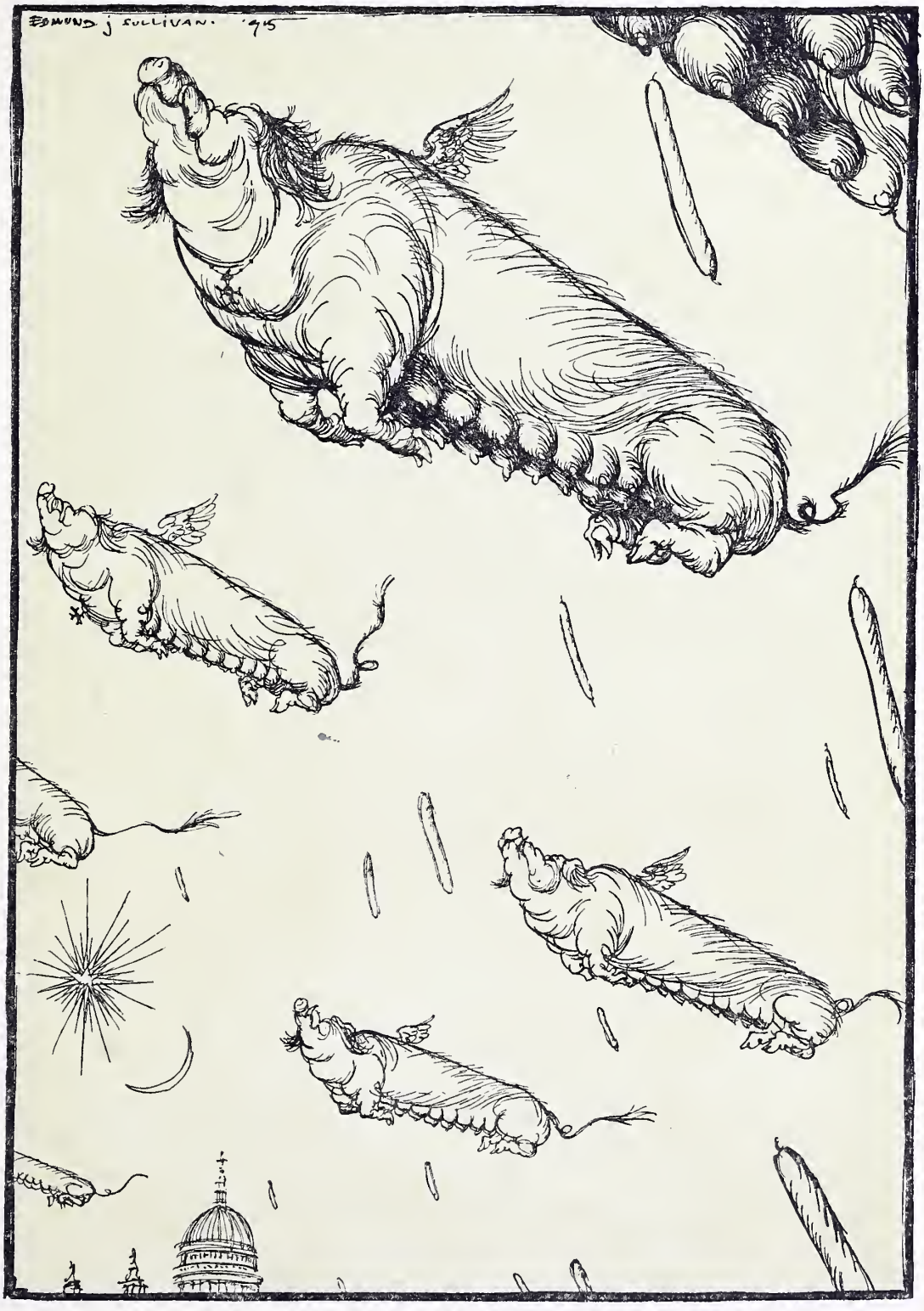
"A BRIDE OF CHRIST"
The Violation of Belgium

THE BLACK MASS. No. 1

The Celebrant and the Master of the Ceremonies

THE BLACK MASS. No. 2
Sacrifice to Moloch

THE BELGIAN BED



"WHEN THE PIGS BEGIN TO FLY"
Die Blutwurst

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TO FEED THIS ANIMAL
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Circe
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DEUTSCHLAND
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THE WRITING ON THE WALL

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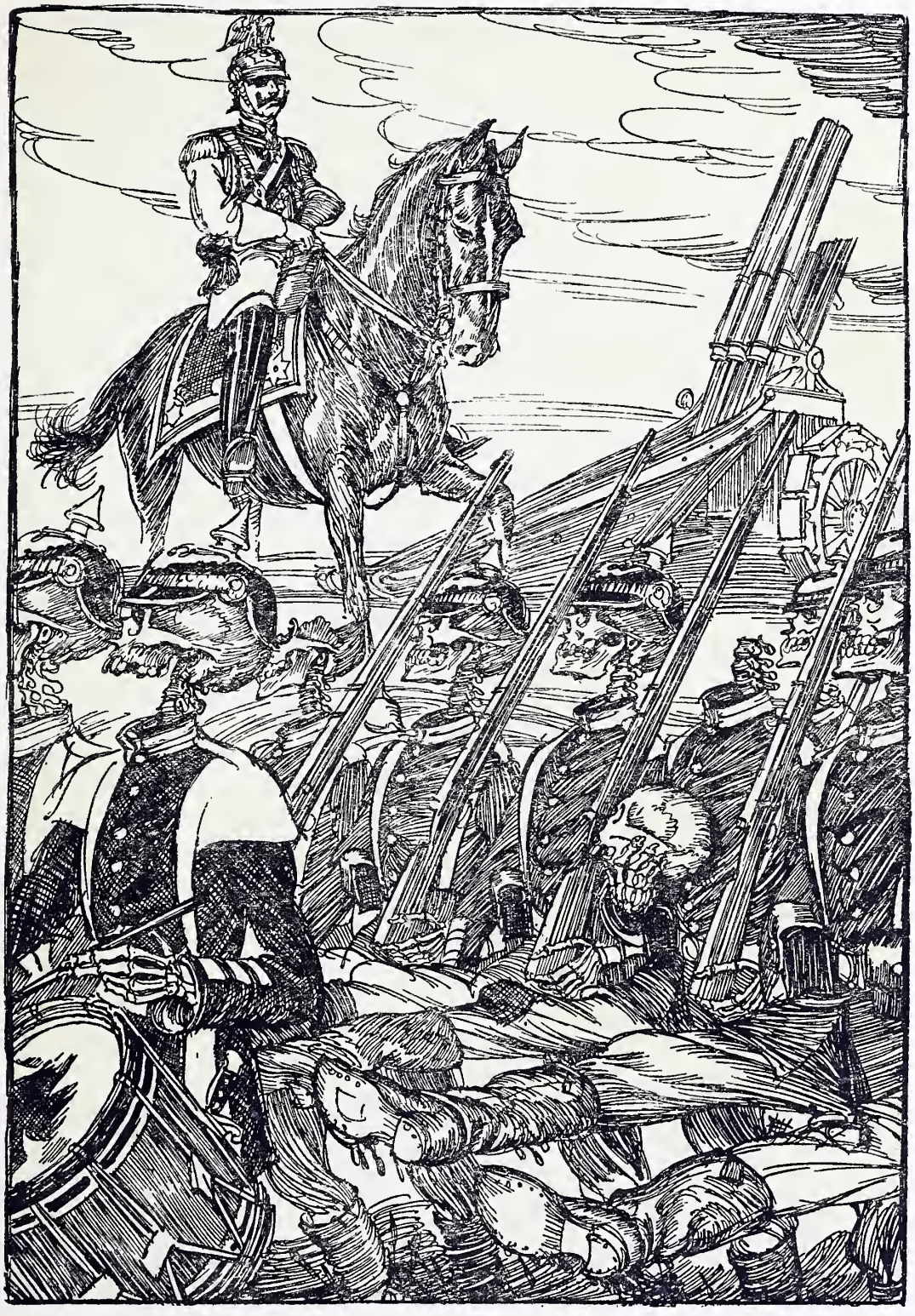

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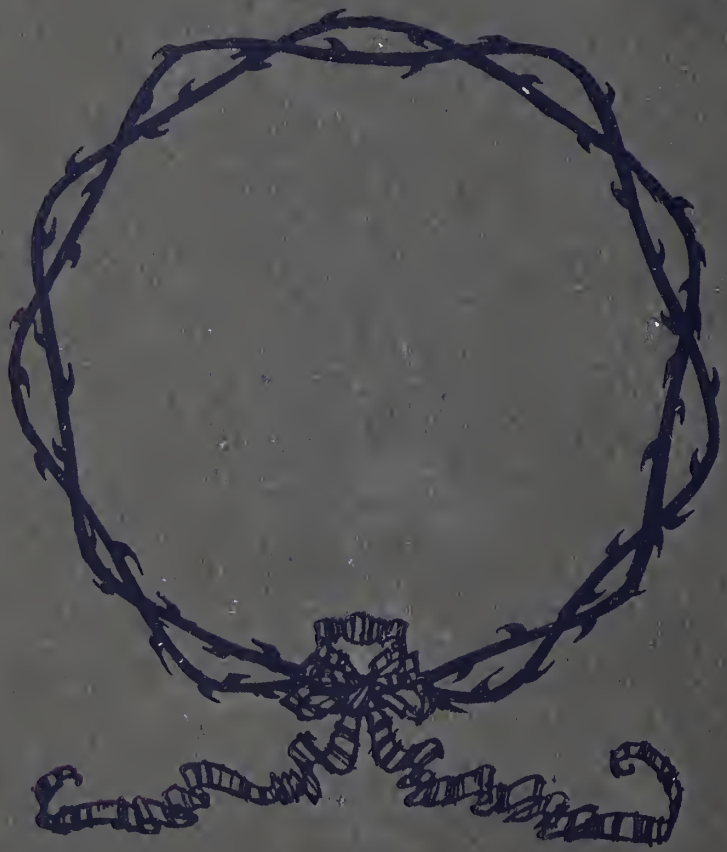
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